

A new Ballad of the great overthrow that the valliant Capitaine Graue Maurice, Sir Frances Veere,
and other of the Queene of Englands friends: gaue to the Archduke, and his Army of Spaniards, vpon
Sunday being the 22. of Iune last past, 1600. To the tune of lusty Gallant.



Y Du that be desirous,
and therein take delight:
To be of bloudie battailes,
and worthy warlike fight,
To Flaunders bend your ears a while
and you shall truly know,
How valliantly our Noble friends,
their foes did overthrow.

The Archduke of Austria,
that bloudy Spanish Lord:
Like Iudas hath conuerted,
his booke into a sword.
To plant by cursed Popery,
in Flaunders now againe:
to bring the Queene of Englands friends
in seruitude to Spaine.

But Noble Prince, Graue Maurice,
his purpose to preuent:
Hath entred famous Flaunders,
to walke like battle bent:
With fiftene thousand hoise and foote,
prepared well to fight:
At Philipeena landed first,
the twelue of Iune by night.

From thence a long to Oldenbridge,
they marched on a maine:
And out of all the best reſtfe,
quite from the hoast of Spaine.
All the sconces and the Fortes,
that by the way they found,
Belonging to the Spanish power,
they raced to the ground.

And so to Newpozt marched,
with thundring lowde allar mes:
And there besieged it brauely,
by force of warlike armes.
The Cannons plaide by to the walles
the muskets shot amaine:
As though that Mars himselfe were
to fight or else be slaine. (come

By this he heard the Archduke,
was comming for to raise
His sledge, with full ten thousand,
resting neither night nor dayes.
Whereat the States Generall,
did choose a Regiment:
Of nimble Scotch and hardy Dutch,
their comming to preuent.

To Count Ernestus of Passau
committed them in charge:
About foure miles from Newpozt,
to fortifie a Bridge.
Who failed much therein, because
the Duke had past the same:
Before Ernestus Regiment,
all softly thether came.

The Scotch-men were all cut off,
and put to slaughter quite:
But yet the Dutchmen hapned,
to saue themselves by flight.
The which emboldned to the foe
that he went forward still:
Without all daunger of assault,
or fearing any ill.

Upon the foure and twenty day,
they planted on a plaine:
Eight great Canons soundly charged
a battle to maintaine.
Whereat the Princely Generall,
the sledge did soone forsake:
And marcht to meete the Archduke,
the better ground to take.

Sir Frances Ware directed him,
his squadrons to dispose:
How best for his advantage,
should set vpon his foes.
Nine Noble English Gentlemen,
the first encounter gaue:
With as much honour and renowne,
as any Prince might haue.

But yet before this battell strong,
betwixt them were begun:
they stroue at least full two houres long
for weather, winde and sunne.
At last Duke Alberts warlike drums
did thunder in the skies:
whereat Prince Maurice stird himself
and thus couragious cries.

For Flaunders, and for England,
haue gallants must we fight:
In his defence and quarrell,
that is the God of might.
To armes I say then gallant lads,
let nothing vs dismay:
Against professed foes we fight,
and hope to win the day.

Which wordes did so embolden,
them of the common sort:
That euery one esteeme,
the battle for a sport.
Where though they saw an hundred
by one great Cannon shot: (slaine
Yet none of them in feare thereof,
from thence would moue a foote.

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Full foure long houres continued,
this blacke and dreadfull fight:
That both sides well maintained,
with courage and great might.
The Cannons made such lanes of men
that soldiers with hood stood:
As they discharg'd their musket shot,
in pooles of purple blood.

The sunne with smoke was darkned,
the element likewise:
That like a dismall cole blacke night,
appeared all theskies.
Like mountaines dead men lay on
most greuous to behold: (heapes
By numbers great and infinite,
past reason to be tolde.

At last the fearfull enemy,
from field began to flye:
Whereat our English Capitaines,
saint George saint George did cry,
The battle's won, the day is ours,
take courage by this chance:
And in the honour of this day,
our English Crosse auance.

Then foure miles they pursued,
the Spaniards in their flight:
Still slaughtering them by thousands,
and so returne by night.
To Newpozt backe with warlike soj
the sledge for to renew:
And drive the Spaniards from the
with balles of fiery bew. (towne

In this same dreadfull battle,
the Spanish Duke had slaine:
Aboue fife thousand at the least,
most heauy newes for Spaine.
One thousand more they prisoners took
with all three Spanish Lords:
Which were by force compelled to pay
the m prisoners to our swordes.

The Duke himselfe as chanced,
was hurt with musket shot:
And in such sort as hardly he,
aliue to Brussels got.
His Cannons they were taken all,
his Treasure and his Plate:
Which be good prizes, and esteeme,
well of the Flemish state.

A hundred fiftie Ensignes,
were taken on that day,
All which may be sufficient
the Spaniards to dismay.
And neuer more haue so bold harts,
in warre to lift their bandes:
Against our noble English friends,
now in the Netherlandes.

Of English, Scots and Dutchmen,
we had some fiftie slaine,
But few they were in number
to them that fought for Spaine
Few chosen capitaines we had hurt,
but braue Lord Graue in fight
And bold Sir Frances of Deuere,
that most renowned knight.

Who had bene slaine or smothered
amongst the maimed men,
Had not Sir Robert Deuixie
most brauely playd the man,
Who from the thickest of the fight
hoze him from thence away
A nobler deed then this was not
performed of all that daye.

Thus haue you heard the service
of these our English friends,
That still with losse of life and limmes
the Flemish state defend.
God banish thence idolatrie,
that English men may say:
That still we haue in sight of Spaine
some friends beyond the sea. Finis.

Captaines of the English slaine.
1 Captaine Yaxley. 2 Captaine Honeywood
3 Captaine Duxbery. 4 Captaine Purton.
5 Captaine Tirrell. 6 Captaine Woodward.
Prisoners of the enemy taken.
The Admirall of Arragon. Lewis de Villar.
Lasper Sapena. With many other Capitaines.